

Maine Farmer.

MAINE STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

Every reader will enjoy a good look at the members constituting the State Board of Agriculture as at present organized, and will recognize them as men of influence in their several localities, while some are familiar to residents in every part of the State.

No body of men is doing more to further the interests given into their hands than are these gentlemen, and because our agricultural interests are so great and may be made so much greater it gives us pleasure to present the Board and a brief sketch of the members to our readers at this time, trusting it may lead to a still more extended acquaintance and a wider range of influence.

Benjamin F. Briggs, Androscoggin.

Benjamin F. Briggs of Auburn, the member from Androscoggin county, is 63 years of age, and has long been interested in farming and the breeding of horses. He was born in Auburn, and educated in the common schools. Has been President of Maine Board of Agriculture, Treasurer of Maine State College, Treasurer of the Maine State Agricultural Society, Director of the First National Bank, Auburn, also of the National Shoe and Leather Bank; member of both branches Auburn city government.

J. W. Dudley, Aroostook.

J. W. Dudley of Castle Hill, the Aroostook member, was born in China, Kennebec county, in 1850; moved with his parents to Aroostook in 1858, and settled in Castle Hill on the farm where he now lives. At eighteen he went West and remained two years, then returned, thinking Maine good enough for him. He became interested in fruit culture, and has had large experience in testing varieties of apples that will stand the cold winters of Aroostook county. He was the originator of the Dudley's Winter apple; was the first in Northern Aroostook to ship apples to Boston market, and has also been quite extensively engaged in raising clover and hedgesgrass seed, which he has sent mostly to outside markets. He was one of the successful competitors for the prize offered by the Bowker Fertilizer Co., raising 530 bushels of potatoes from one acre; has been Master of the Aroostook County Pomona Grange, and one of its agents for selling wool and potatoes; held offices of trust in his town, being one of the Selectmen for a number of years; been one of the Trustees of the North Aroostook Agricultural Society; always an exhibitor at the fairs, and is one of the Trustees of the State Pomological Society.

E. E. Light, Knox.

E. E. Light, Union, the Knox county member, was born in Appleton, Nov. 27, 1854; educated in common schools and graduated from Castine Normal School in class of 1880. Followed teaching winters and farming summers for several years. In 1889 turned his attention to dairying and began buying cream and operating a proprietary creamery in connection with farming. One year ago removed creamery business to Union Common; admitted C. C. Counce of that town to partnership, and the firm has been doing a large business with prospects of an increase. Was a member of the legislature in 1893, serving on committee of agriculture and chairman of committee on engrossed bills. Been a member of Medomak Valley Grange nineteen years, serving two years as master. Also held several offices in Union Pomona Grange, serving one year as master.

Leroy O. Straw, York.

L. O. Straw, member from York county, was born at Newfield in 1843. Lived on the home farm nearly all the time until at the age of twenty-one. Educated at the district and private schools and at Limerick Academy. Began teaching in the country schools at the age of seventeen, having taught seventy-two terms in all. Served in the army for the preservation of the Union, Twenty-seventh Maine Volunteers, and in sixty-four and sixty-five held a clerkship in the second auditor's office, Treasurer Department, Washington. In 1871, took charge of Sullivan street grammar school, Biddeford, for the school year of 1871 and '72, and at the beginning of the school year of 1872, was elected master of Beach street grammar school, Saco, serving in that capacity till 1885. Was principal of the high school at Sanford, Florida, in 1886 and '87. Has been supervisor of schools in the city of Saco, also of Newfield, Me. Located permanently on the farm Sept. 24, 1887.

Charles E. Wheeler, Franklin.

Charles E. Wheeler, member from Franklin county, was born in 1857, in Chesterfield, and has always lived upon the same farm where his father, John C., and grandfather, Rev. Samuel, was born, lived and died. Treasurer of the Maine State Pomological Society, Secretary of the A. J. C. C. Breeders' Association of Maine; was a member of the board in 1891 to fill the vacancy caused by the death of S. R. Leland. The feeding of plants and animals, thereby building up the dairy and orchard, is the aim of this member.

Prof. W. H. Jordan, Prof. of Agriculture, Maine State College.

W. H. Jordan was born in Raymond October 27, 1851. Graduated from the Maine State College in 1875 with the degree of B. S. Principal of Dennyville high school 1876-7. Post-graduate student at Cornell University in chemistry in physics in 1877-8. Assistant in experimental and analytical chemistry at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., 1878-9. During 1879-80 instructor at the Maine State College. From 1881 to 1885 professor of agriculture and agricultural chemistry at the Pennsylvania State College; chemist to Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture 1883-5. Since April 1885, director Maine Agricultural Experiment Station. In 1895 elected professor of agriculture in charge of the Agricultural Department of the Maine State College.

George N. Holland, Penobscot.

George N. Holland, member for Penobscot county, was born in the town of Brunswick, but has resided in Hampden since 1845. He enlisted for three years or during the war and was discharged at Augusta at the close of the Rebellion. Has always been interested in agriculture, and a long time member of the Penobscot Agricultural Society, of which he has been its Treasurer and Secretary for nine years; has been Master of County Pomona and an earnest advocate for temperance reform.

W. H. Vinton, Cumberland.

W. H. Vinton, Gray, member for Cumberland county, was born in Oxford county, and all his early life was spent upon the farm. Always interested in domestic animals, and owning a farm, attention has been specially directed to the production of fine oxen, while never neglecting to enter a protest against the utter want of wisdom in permitting this class of stock to disappear from the farm. A careful student of agriculture, he has for years been President of the Cumberland Agricultural Society, one of the largest and most prosperous in the State, and is now serving his second term upon the board, being Vice President of the same.

George Flint, Somerset.

George Flint, Anson, member for Somerset county, was born at Anson, Feb. 26, 1838. Educated at Anson Academy and Maine State Seminary. Took a course at Eastman's Business College in 1863. Occupied various town offices, was enrolling officer during the war, member of the Maine Board of Agriculture in 1876-9, county commissioner 1876-9. Represented Somerset county in Maine State Senate of 1887-8. Formerly was a breeder of fine woolled sheep, now principally interested in dairying.

T. E. Skoldfield, Sagadahoc.

T. E. Skoldfield, member for Sagadahoc county was born in Harpswell in 1846, educated at district school and at Franklin school Topsham, Warren Johnson principal. Followed the sea three years, beginning when 15 years old; was clerk in a wholesale grocery store in Portland part of one year; since then has lived on a farm in Harpswell. Has been elected fifteen times one of the Selectmen of Harpswell, Supervisor of Schools two years, member of the legislature in '91, one of the executive committee of the Sagadahoc fair three years, and President of the society two years.

F. H. Moores, Kennebec.

F. H. Moores, member for Kennebec county, was born in Pittsford in 1839, educated at the common schools, followed the sea or was clerk in fruit and vegetable store in Boston until 1873, when he returned to the farm and began the growing of vegetables and seeds for the market. Was Secretary of South Kennebec Society from its organization until the present, save one year, and Secretary of Pittsford Grange for five years.

B. W. McKee, Secretary.

B. Walker McKee was born in Fryeburg, November 9th, 1840; educated in the common schools and Fryeburg Academy; spent several years in teaching, after which he returned to the farm which he now owns and operates, making a specialty of the production of cream from thoroughbred and grade Jersey cows. He is an earnest believer in the silo, and thinks he has fully doubled the stock carrying capacity of his farm by its adoption. He was Supervisor of Schools in Fryeburg for six years; agricultural editor of the *Oxford Democrat* from January 1st, 1884, to March 9th, 1886; Secretary of the West Oxford Agricultural Society from 1886 to 1892; member of the Board of Agriculture from 1888 to 1892, President in 1891; elected Secretary of the board in 1892, re-elected in 1893.

W. H. Moody, Waldo.

W. H. Moody, Liberty, member for Waldo county, was born in Nobleboro in 1836. His parents removed to Liberty in 1840, where he obtained his education. Enlisted in Co. I, Twenty-seventh Maine Infantry, made Sergeant, mustered out July, 1863; he, in December of same year, accepted commission of first Lieutenant in Second Maine Cavalry, remaining in service until Dec., 1865, was twice wounded in battle. Returned to Liberty and purchased a farm where he resided until 1893, when he purchased a home in the village comprising 25 acres and containing 150 fruit trees, which are being improved. Has served as selectman eleven years, and on school committee and town agent for several years, has always been an active worker in the Grange, and in any movement of interest to his town, county and State.

L. G. Smith, Washington.

L. G. Smith, member for Washington county, was born in Charlotte, Me., in 1846. His chances for getting an education were very limited, there being only a few weeks of school in a year in the district where he lived. When eighteen years of age he entered the

army, and served in the 1st Battery, Maine Infantry. After returning home engaged in farming and lumbering, which he followed until the year 1882, when he moved to the town of Pembroke, bought a farm, and devoted his whole time to farming. In 1890 sold his farm, on account of failing health, and bought a home in the village, where he now resides. The last two years he has been engaged in the manufacture of sardines.

J. M. Winslow, Lincoln.

J. M. Winslow, member for Lincoln county, was born on the farm where he now lives in Nobleboro in 1851, and has devoted his entire time to agricultural pursuits for which he has an ardent love and in which he is proving a success. The special work carried on is dairying and this is being steadily increased.

S. F. Stetson, Oxford.

S. F. Stetson, East Sumner, member for Oxford county, was born in 1844, educated in the common schools, served in the civil war in the 23d regiment. Was member of the legislature of 1888, been member of the Board of Selectmen for fourteen years and chairman for thirteen years. Always a farmer.

A. R. Smiley, Clerk.

Albert R. Smiley, clerk for the board, is and has always been a farmer and teacher. Educated in the common schools and academy, followed teaching in the winter season for more than twenty years, vocal music being a leading branch taught. Has represented his county (Somerset) at two different periods upon the board, the second time from 1891 to 1894. Has been connected with the Somerset Central Agricultural Society for many years, and was its Secretary for thirteen years in succession. Has served upon the Board of Selectmen and School Committee of his town.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

The way to be happy is to live so we can remember the past without regret. Boli down the religion of some people, and you will find nothing in it but a few notions.

Ringling Noises.

In the ears, sometimes a roaring, buzzing sound, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also result from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which it cures by purifying the blood.

Hood's pills are the best after dinner pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

The minister who is not more than a preacher is a poor one.

A young man in Lowell, Mass., troubled for years with a constant succession of boils on his neck, was completely cured by taking only three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Another result of the treatment was greatly improved digestion with increased vitality.

The man whose horses come to meet him in the field, and whose chickens wait out of his hand, has some of the symptoms of Christianity.

Are You Hard of Hearing or Deaf?

Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Garmore, Room 18, Hammond Bldg., Fourth and Vine, Cincinnati, O.

John Barleycorn is the best man in the prize ring against most fighters. His record of "knockouts" is the longest. Wrinkles, sallow skin and hollow cheeks undergo a marvellous change in a month's time by the continued use of Bailey's complexion brush and home massage. Brush and Massage directions by mail \$1. White Bros., box 3559, Boston, Mass.

Economy is not stinginess, and the distinction between the two cannot be too month's time by the continued use of Bailey's complexion brush and home massage. Brush and Massage directions by mail \$1. White Bros., box 3559, Boston, Mass.

Why throw away so much hard earned money trying worthless medicines, when for 35 cents a remedy can be procured that will cure coughs, colds, sore lungs, and croup? Give it a trial. Adon's Balm will do it. Trial bottles 10 cents.

People who love flowers read books and these keep them too busy to talk scandal.

Premature baldness may be prevented and the hair made to grow on heads already bald, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Nature does business on credit, but always collects bills promptly.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old tried remedy, Mac's Worms, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. The things which do most to make us happy do not cost money.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Handsome people sometimes are worth their face value, and no more.

Derangements of the liver, with constipation, injure the complexion, induce pimples, sallow skin. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Try them.

A Pleasant Picture.

A visitor to Augusta writes thus pleasantly and truthfully to the *Ellsworth American*:

"The good people of the Kennebec valley have many surroundings that do not pertain to other parts of the State—their fine connection with the markets of the world by rail and by steam, in connection with their railroad facilities, keeps them in touch with the business centres.

Their numerous hills and intervals affording the necessary variety of soil for vegetables, grain and fruits, and the bubbling springs affording the best possible beverage, the cool, bracing air not subject to the fogs and humidity of the shore towns, all combine to make it a very desirable spot of green earth on which to live and die.

The people of Augusta are very kind and courteous to strangers; and the attendance at the churches shows that they are religiously inclined. The sermons are largely lectures on topics that a few years ago would have been regarded too secular for Christian texts.

This shows the trend of public opinion, and the changes that are silently going on around us; and we cannot fail to notice that the more secular and sensational the subject, the larger the audiences, other things being equal.

Every stranger in the city is made welcome to all these churches, and given a generous invitation to make his choice of churches his Sunday home. The expense seems largely to be met by contributions, which gives the stranger an opportunity to contribute to the support, and thus reduce his obligation to his patrons."

School Qualifications.

There is every reason to expect that the following will very soon be the standard of qualifications necessary to admit to our up to date schools.

"Johnnie, have you got a certificate of vaccination for small-pox?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been inoculated for croup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Been treated with diphtheria serum?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had your arm scratched with cholera bacilli?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping-cough, measles, mumps, scarlet fever, and old age?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you your own private drinking cup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you promise not to exchange sponges with the boy next to you and never use any but your own pencil?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you agree to have your books fumigated with sulphur and sprinkle your clothes with chloride of lime once a week?"

"Yes, sir."

"Johnnie you have met the first requirement of the modern sanitarians and may now climb over yonder rail, occupy an isolated aluminium seat and begin the study of abstruse sciences and the figuring of metaphysical problems that you may be able to ward off disease and preserve perpetual youth by strictly scientific methods."

An Old Rhyme Reset.

"Affliction sore long time she bore
At last one day, a friend did say,
"You'd soon be well again!"
If you would take, as I did, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for that is the cure for all the peculiar ailments of women. It is a safe, simple and sure remedy. It banishes those distressing maladies that make woman's life a burden, curing all the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Choice Miscellany.

WHEN BABY WANTS TO PLAY.

On Sunday afternoon I like a quiet, restful nap.
And leaning on an easy couch give Time a last sleep:
Forgetting all my office cares and troubles of the shop
Into the haven of the weary, cozy dreamland, drop.
But that I never quite succeed I scarcely need to say.
For 'tis about the time and hour when baby wants to play.

Just when my eyes are closed and sweet forgetfulness comes o'er,
A tiny toddler spies papa with eager infant roar.
"Da, da, gooh, gooh," his chubby face aglow
With his delight.
He knows he'll receive a jolly time with pop, unthinkingly
I hear his joyful shout and know at once I must obey.
For sure he's nothing else to do when baby wants to play.

He's tugging at my clothes and frets until I lift him high.
But then he looks so happy I can only give a sigh.
My sleep, alas, is over now, and baby is a king,
And I, his humble slave, indeed, to do most anything.
He jabs my eye, my whiskers pull, my necktie tears away,
And laughs with glee if I should scold when baby wants to play.

I ride him, crouching, on my back, I creep upon the floor;
If other men should see me now, with nuptial tulle I'd double o'er.
Shirtdress collar, too, with prints of little hands are full,
And now and then my nose and ears he gives a savage pull.
Quite soon I loudly call: "Mamma, come take this wretch away."
But, O, he laughs and thinks it fun when baby wants to play.

—G. J. Wolf, in Philadelphia Press.

HE ALWAYS RODE.

A Nevada Bad Man Who Had a Cinch on Stage Drivers.

When He Intimated That He Wanted a Ride the Jesus Would Very Obsequiously Accommodate Him on the Instant.

"My first meeting with Sam Brown, who figured so tragically in Nevada's early days," said A. E. Bastrop, the mining man, to a writer for the New York Sun, "was as I came into Virginia City one evening on the inland stage. I was riding on top with Shorty Tredwin, one of the best known of the old-time drivers, and he was chock full of the arrogance which characterized the men who followed his eminent calling. There were some eastern passengers aboard whom Shorty had snubbed and overawed until they scarcely dared to speak to him. He had just returned an answer of cutting irony to a passenger who had ventured to inquire how much further it was to Virginia City, and as he handled the reins was surveying the scene with a snuff of contempt at creation in general. We were climbing the long hill six miles from Virginia City when, through the dusk, a man loomed up ahead walking in the same direction. He stopped at the stage came along and asked for a lift into town. His request was refused by the driver, who hallooed to the horse to get along and not fall asleep in the traces.

"You won't, eh?" said the wayfarer, in whose gruff voice there was a trace of surprise. "Do you know who I am?"
"No, I don't know," answered Shorty, cracking his whip at the leaders; and what's more, I don't care a cuss."
"I am Sam Brown," thundered the stranger, "and I reckon my name's good for a ride on Ben Holiday's or any other stage line in Nevada. Do you want?"

"At the words 'Sam Brown,' Shorty brought his four horses all back on their haunches with one jerk.
"Whoa! Whoa!" he shouted, as he tugged at the lines. "You headstrong beasts, will you ever stop pulling! Excuse me, Mr. Brown, for keeping you waiting. I didn't recognize you in the dark, Mr. Brown. Will you step inside or ride on the box with me? Glad to see you, Mr. Brown, and always honored to have you ride on my coach!"

"Mr. Brown climbed grimly to the box, took his seat unthankfully as by right of possession, and was the guest of honor into Virginia City. Shorty was extremely polite, and his tones to his horses even were apologetic all the rest of the trip. Sam Brown was a man of immense physique and formidable aspect. His long hair was, according to his custom, pinned up under his hat—he used bowie knives for that purpose by popular report; it was when angry that he shook it loose and flung it like a mane about his shoulders. His revolvers were plainly indicated beneath his long black frock coat, and there could be no doubt that lurking in concealment somewhere about his person was the historic knife that had let out so many human lives. He might be described rather as an interesting than agreeable companion, and Shorty was relieved of painful suspense by finding as the minutes passed that he showed no disposition to revert to the first words of their colloquy. Indeed, Mr. Brown, whose usual manner had the types of amiability that a grizzly bear mani-

fest in his different moods, softened into something like tolerance of his company under the influence of a whisky bottle passed up by a mining man from within the coach, and he even made some grimly humorous remarks, at which the driver and myself duly laughed with an affectation of great enjoyment. At the entrance of the Primavera saloon, on the principal street of the city, Mr. Brown alighted in style, the exposure of attraction for all who witnessed his coming. Shorty rallied amazingly after his departure, and he swelled with pride at the bar-rooms that night as he told at every second drink of having brought Sam Brown in on his coach.

"Our renowned fellow passenger was probably, taken all around, the most hardened and dangerous ruffian that ever figured in the red history of the Pacific slope. Up to the time that the vigilance committees got into operation his reign of terror was supreme in Nevada. The number of men he had killed was variously computed, but the list was a long one, and some of his deeds of blood were of uncommon atrocity. It was his pleasant custom to walk into a store or saloon and demand fifty dollars of the proprietor, which was usually handed him without protest. One unfortunate clerk who refused the tribute he shot dead across the counter."

Matchmaking in New Mexico.

In the old Spanish-American days in the southwest marriage was a matter in which the contracting parties had little to say, the question of choice and fitness being settled by the parents of the couple. The practice has fallen so much out of date in the present generation that it sounds odd to read now in a published account of a recent marriage at Guadalupe, N. M., in which a Mexican of sixty-eight years wedded a senorita of sixteen years, that the compensation he was called upon to make for the difference in their respective ages was settled at thirty years of land, an adobe house and five apple trees, presumably to be paid to her parents.

Explicit Directions.

An American, traveling in England, on one occasion happened to be in the neighborhood of Millbank prison, and fancied that he would like a glimpse at that famous place of detention. "Can you tell me the way to Millbank?" he asked of a stout tradesman whom he met. "Aye," answered John Bull; "knock me down and rob me pockets, and you'll soon enough be on the straight road there!" Then, without roushaling any further information, he passed on with a chuckle.

An Appropriate Name.—Jack-

"Those Chicago fellows have named their club the 'Alpine.'" Sam—"What's that for? They have no mountains in Chicago." Jack—"Perhaps not. But their club rooms are on the top floor of one of those skyscraper buildings, and the elevator doesn't run after midnight." —Detroit Free Press.

He Had Won Her.

She nestled coily on his manly bosom after the blissful question had been asked.
"And am I the only woman you ever loved?" she asked softly.
"Well, yes—successfully," he whispered in her enchanted ear.—Detroit Free Press.

Clearly man is of kin to the beasts by his body, and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignominious creature.—Bacon.

The Universalists claim a membership of 49,194, who worship in 256 churches, worth \$8,054,383.

There are 989 Dunkard churches valued at \$1,362,681, and having a membership of 73,704.

A Woman Shrinks

from telling her physical troubles to men. During the past 20 years thousands of women throughout the world have written in womanly confidence to

Lydia E. Pinkham.

Lynn, Mass., and laid bare the life of misery they endured.

They wrote freely, knowing that their letters went straight to the hands of a woman, who not alone understood their sufferings, but whose heart was full of sympathy with them.

The experience of thousands has proved how carefully their letters were studied, and how true and sure came the answer and helpfulness.

And also that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's great friend.

Second hand sleigh, with two seats, upholstered, will be sold at a bargain. Apply at MAINE

Woman's Department.

RESTING ON THE PROMISES.

BY EUNICE A. LORD.
I have chosen Christ, my savior,
I have chosen him my friend;
And where he doth bid me follow
I will follow to the end.
That you great grace is o'er me,
Oh! how pleasant is the way;
Jesu stands e'er beckoning onward,
Lest that I might go astray.

When a cloud doth hover near me,
Alone amidst his face from view,
I can hear him gently whisper:
"Trust to me! I'll care for you."
All around I feel his presence;
Yes, I know that God is near,
Caring for his children dear.

I have fixed my eyes on Jesus,
My hand I placed in his divine,
In his promises I am trusting,
Claiming them so fully mine.
The heavenly way I mean to travel
Until I reach that home I'll enter,
Through the golden gates I'll enter,
Safe before the throne I'll stand.

Did you know, ye heavy laden,
That you've been chosen the wrong way?
The road is dark and steep before you,
Oh, poor sinner you're far astray.
And that burden you are bearing,
I pray you lay it down;
Take the cross and follow Jesus,
Yonder waits a starry crown.

In the way that you are going—
Have you ever learned the cost?
You need not Christian's warnings
Your poor soul will soon be lost.
Jesu loves you, sinners, love you;
Won't you heed his pleading voice?
Oh, that call! so sweet and tender,
How it makes my heart rejoice.

I am on the road to glory,
Soon I'll reach my heavenly home,
The pearly gates will swing wide for me,
For you are praying, won't you come?
Patience.

FARMERS AND FARMERS' WIVES.

I am much interested in the woman's department, although it has been a long time since I have written anything myself.

Mizzaph Hunt and Helen Jay seem to have different ideas of farm life. No doubt they have both written as they understand it from what they have seen.

As I read what they had written, it set me to thinking of the different homes I have seen in. One I know of, wherein I see no reason why the wife should wish for a city life, or grow old before her time.

She has a large, comfortable house, handsomely furnished throughout, plenty of nice books, and pictures (not bright colored dabs, but lovely paintings) on the walls, and the bow-window filled with plants; grand old trees shade the house in summer and everything about the grounds kept neat and tasty. If she wants to go to ride and her husband cannot accompany her, she can go alone, or take some of her lady friends with her; and her husband thinks she has the same right to the use of the horses as himself. He wants to see her as well dressed as other women, and expects her to buy what she needs out of the proceeds of the farm just the same as he does for himself. If she thinks her work too hard or wants a vacation, she hires a girl to take her place in the kitchen, and her husband thinks she has the same right to help that he has on the farm; truly it is a happy home and just as it should be.

I have another home in my mind which is very different from the one I have just described. This is also a large, handsome house, as pleasantly situated as the other, but look inside! The wife does all the work for a large family; if she needs a girl to help, it cannot be afforded, it takes so much to pay the men that work on the farm; her house is destitute of furniture or even things in her kitchen or pantry to lighten her labor. If she wants anything new, it can't be afforded, the taxes must be paid, and there must be a new horse rake, mowing machine, or patent harrow or something else for the farm. If she wants a new dress or hat for herself or little girls, she is extravagant, "women used to get along without such things;" if she wants a horse to go a few miles, "the horses ought to rest when not at work, and women used to have something else to do but go about." So she stays at home and works her board and takes in dress-making to buy things for herself and children.

I cannot say I have seen her with her hair done on the back of her head in a very tight pug, but I have seen her when she had so much to do she did not get time to crimp her hair or arrange it very tastefully. Now I think that she has just as good taste in dressing herself and children, or in making her home attractive if she had anything to do with, as the other wife I have written about, and when they were married she had just as much reason to expect a happy and attractive home as the other.

Is it any wonder that such women become discontented and tired of farm life? Is it any wonder so many girls say they will never marry a farmer, especially school teachers who teach in the country, and board through long terms at such places as I have just described? It is not an overdrawn picture by any means, indeed, the worst has not been told.

FANNY FULLER.

WORKINGS OF THE BRAIN.

How the Different Parts Control the Movements of the Body.

The nervous system is inclosed in a bony case composed of the bones of the head and the vertebrae; the interior is contained in the cranial cavity, the spinal marrow in the spinal canal. The marrow and the brain do not completely fill these cavities, and the interstices are filled with a liquid, which prevents shocks and compressions. From the marrow and the brain the sensitive and motor nerves start, which carry sensations to the two centers and take back the movements. A sensation brought to the brain by a sensitive nerve generally provokes a motion, a contraction. In such cases the brain is a center in which the impression is transformed into action. But very often the impression is not followed by any action; the nervous system then becomes a central storehouse for impressions. M. Briassud very aptly compares the brain to a photographic plate which retains the

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image and only yields it under the influence of a developing body. The brain, particularly in infancy, stores up numerous sensations, which later retain these images, that is, these lasting remembrances of outward exciting events. The gray substance which forms the outside covering of the brain is a sensitive plate on which images of the outer world are impressed. The nerves conduct the electric heat, light and sound waves to this cerebral covering, where they are impressed as on the cylinder of a photograph. The impression is more or less exact, according to the nature of the cerebral instrument; it is more or less profound, according to the breadth or the number of vibrations of the waves. The impression thus formed becomes a recollection; it tends to become effaced with age; it submits to alterations, according to modifications of the impressed surface. These images may remain unused in the brain for a long time, as the photographic plates in their box. The idea of an object is thus always the recollection of an object.

The association of ideas often causes an association of movements, called automatic. A little girl, for instance, learns to knit. At first she is very awkward, but gradually she progresses and the work almost does itself, until finally she walks, talks and learns her lessons while knitting. The different automatic centers occupy localized regions in the brain. The most celebrated about 1825 by Bouillaud in the front lobe of the brain. When any injury whatever—rupture of a blood vessel, softening of the brain tissue, etc.—attacks this lobe, the faculty of language disappears and the patient is stricken with aphasia. There are several aspects of this disease. Sometimes the patient can not speak, but is able to express his thought in writing; this is aphasia of articulation; others are able to speak, but can not even write their own names; this is graphic aphasia; others, though not at all deaf, have no idea that the name they hear pronounced is their own name, although they may be able to speak it, read it, or write it; this is auditive aphasia; others, finally, without being blind, have lost the faculty of reading although they can still write; this is visual aphasia. Right-handed aphasics, unable to speak, have suffered some injury of the third left frontal circunvolucion, and left-handed ones of the corresponding right one. Those who can not write have some injury to the second frontal circunvolucion. Those who have lost the faculty of hearing have a wound in the first left frontal circunvolucion, and those who can not see writing out of the second parietal circunvolucion. Charlescot has said, and M. Briassud repeats: "In studying cerebral affections the nature of the injury is almost a matter of indifference; the localization is everything." One may become aphasic in consequence of an attack of apoplexy, a blow or shock which causes an abscess of the brain, or a cancer which presses on that organ. It can even be produced by a tumor. What the brain should be so delicate an organ.—Scientific American.

HOURS OF SLEEP.

Long Hours of Slumber Absolutely Essential to the Children.

One of the great mistakes of parents and those who have charge of children is that they are likely to allow the little ones too little time to sleep.

With one excuse and another the youngsters are up later at night than, any should be, and as they must be off at school by time in the morning, and while they are in school, they are called long before they have finished their morning nap.

Children, as a rule, ought to sleep ten or eleven hours, and to do this they must be put to bed early enough at night so that they may get the amount of uninterrupted rest.

But it is a difficult thing to give the children the amount of sleep they require because there is almost always something going on in the evening that interests them—someone coming in, there is a new paper or book, or something is being talked of that they like to hear.

They plead and entreat to stay up just a little longer, and with a spirit of indulgence the parents yield.

Of course, this means but one thing, too little repose and a curtailing of the hours of rest that nature imperatively demands.

It is no wonder that children are nervous, fretful and difficult to get along with.

Their nerves, inherited from dyspeptic parents, are keenly alive to every sound, and their tempers, more or less, are not much more highly. They are not designed for their present use, of course, and are, in point of fact, querulous of the latter part of the last century. Some pretty trays for single or tete-a-tete sets are made in the form of a three-leaved sham rock. They are mostly in copper, the top and sugar basin being of the same material, and the cups and cream jug white egg-shell china.—N. Y. World.

Young Folks' Column.

THE MOHAWK CHIEF, OR FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.

BY STURGIS BRADBURY, AUGUSTA, TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.
[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER VIII.
As soon as the Waubunkees arrived at the shore they of course easily found the Mohawk trail, but they did not follow it immediately, because their numbers were not sufficient, but waited until the rest of the canoes arrived; and this was the reason they had not reached the stream sooner.

The yell they had heard was not very distinct, for the roar of the cataract had prevented it from being so, but they knew that the Indians heard it, and they quickly renewed the primmings of their rifles.

They would have built a fire to dry their clothes and warm themselves, but they were not afraid the Waubunkees would discover their retreat, so they kept back in the darkest part of the cave, expecting every moment to see the form of an Indian warrior appear at the opening.

For some time they remained thus, until they heard a faint, indistinct yell that announced the discovery of the canoe. Jesse and Moskwa instantly arose and left the cave, going directly to the shore, where they were waiting through the bushes like snakes, until they came in sight of the Indian encampment; there were a great many spies out, but they were lucky enough not to fall in with any of them. They were not near enough to the encampment to hear every word that was uttered by the Indians, who were sitting in a circle around the fire.

Quite near to them were the remains of a canoe and a constant line of fire they found out that they were supposed to have perished, and that the Indians were intending to return to Lake Champlain the following day. As soon as they had heard this much they turned and made their way back to the cave, and in a few moments entered the cave, where they related all their adventures. As soon as they finished one of the Indians was placed at the entrance of the cave as a sentinel, and the rest of the party went to sleep.

CHAPTER IX.
Jesse, Moskwa, and the rest of the Indians were well supplied with powder and bullets; and in the morning they decided to remain in the vicinity of the cave for some time, as the country was swarming with parties of Waubunkees, and the cave was a fine place to defend, because the opening was so small that not more than two men could enter it at a time.

As soon as it was daylight the whole party went ashore, where the Indians instantly began to gather a pile of dry wood together. While they were doing this Jesse removed the charge from his rifle by fastening a screw onto the end of the ramrod, and deposited it in his bullet pouch, and began to help the young men make the fire.

As soon as they had made an immense pile of dry wood on the ledge, Jesse opened the pan of his rifle and poured some more powder into it, after which he placed it under the pile of wood and pulled the trigger. The pile of wood flashed and ignited the wood, while Jesse withdrew his rifle from the pile and rammed the charge home, proceeding all the while to pound it with his ramrod, as he talked to Moskwa in the Indian dialect.

A few moments after the fire was lighted it became so hot that Hartford could not remain within ten feet of it; Jesse and the rest of the Indians had stripped off their shirts, and were standing near the fire to thaw their clothes had frozen, where they had been wet in wading through the water, and as soon as Hartford perceived this he followed suit.

As the Indians were all the time piling fresh fuel onto the hearth, the fire necessarily extremely hot, and their clothes dried in a very short time, and as soon as they were in condition to be resumed two of the Mohawks went into the woods, while the third went to the bank of the stream, and in a short time returned with a couple of bass, which, with the two pigeons that the others brought in, furnished an ample dinner for the party.

Nothing unusual happened that afternoon, and at night a sentry was stationed at the entrance of the cave in the same manner as before, but the whole party awoke in the morning safe and sound.

"A fire was built in the morning, and all but two of the party clustered about it, those two had gone in search of something to eat; and presently they returned with a young buck. One of them immediately went up to Moskwa and began talking and gesticulating about the exchange of goods. I should like to exchange some pretty things for your gun or croquet, with some of the girls. Will close by asking a few Bible questions: Where in the Bible is Fuller's soap mentioned? also ox goad, and boy and girl?"

DELLA.
Dear Friends: I am a little girl 18 years old. I weigh 135 lbs. I go to school every day. I walk a mile and a half to school. I think that R. A. G. had better keep still, for when we girls get to school we will have to get up. What do you girls think? Have got a kitten; his name is Blaine. Sometimes my mother lets me wash the dishes, and I like to very much. I suppose the girls like to wash dishes, of my age, don't they? I have two horses, I can drive them both, but they are afraid to let me drive them. I like to drive a horse very much. I have an organ; I am taking music lessons. I like to very much. Well, I must close, hoping to hear from you again soon. I remain your true friend, DALLIS. Woolwich.

Dear Girls: I will try and write a few lines in our behalf. Do the boys think we are going to stand still and be abused? Well, I guess not. Hal says he would like to see girls split wood or dig potatoes; I guess we could if we were obliged to. And talk about whistling! I'll warrant I can beat the boys all out in that line. I would like to hear from Spittin' Fire. One of the inferior girls, Torsy.

North Berwick.

Dear Boys and Girls: I am a little boy six years old. I live on a farm of about sixty acres. My father keeps five cows, one heifer and one horse, five sheep and fifty hens. I have a cow, she is black and white. For pets I have a dog that came to us; his name is Gips, and a cat named Bessie; she weighs eleven pounds. I have one brother and three sisters; they are all older than I am.

Yours truly, Woolwich. HARTLEY HATHORNE.

Dear Friends: I am a little girl 15 years old. I am living with my Uncle Moses Munson; he is an old gentleman of eighty, but he is smart; he helps father unload wood. For pets I have three cats, a dog and a cock; her name is Roddy. I am making a worsted quilt; it is very pretty.

Cooper. MAMIE G. LOWE.

scarcely done so before another Indian, twice as large as he was, appeared.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dear Boys and Girls: I don't like to have R. A. G. say anything against the girls, for I have two sisters who I think are about right. I think the girls are just as good as the boys. I think the answer to Mattie Hatch's riddle is all school is in keeping now; it closed last Friday. It snowed hard here all day Saturday, how was it in Augusta? I have three little nieces; they live in Freeport; their names are Lella M., Ethel B., and Ruth E. Harvey. My sister Blanche is there going to school. The school closes one week from next Friday, then she will be at home through the vacation, which is nine weeks. I live on a farm. My father keeps eight head of cattle, three horses and about forty sheep. For pets I have two calves, their names are Daisy and Spot; and one dog, his name is Watch; and two cats, their names are Snowflake and Snowball; and a bird, his name is Topsy. I would like to have the boys and girls write to me. I will close by sending a riddle: Use me well and I am everybody's, scratch my back and I am nobody's. Good-bye for this time. FRANK H. MOSELEY. P. O. Box 35, Elma.

I should like to ask R. A. Grover a few questions. Will you answer them? Was not your mother once a girl? Have you not aunts who were once girls? If girls are the inferior sex, why then, why not your mother and aunts inferior also? Surely girls have not degenerated as fast as that. Have you sisters; are they inferior? I suppose if they do not know enough to suit you you will teach them; that you think inferior girls should know. Are you not acquainted with a young lady who seems nearer than a friend? Remember, R. A. G., she is one of the inferior girls. I believe in woman's rights; of course you do not, but I am sure when you grow up you are now girls you will discover that you will know that this is caused by the absence of tobacco and liquor. I have seen only two or three letters from the boys, their names are Harry, George, and I will have hard work to stand with all the girls and most of the boys against you. Better come over this side and save ourselves so many hard knocks.

Yours in behalf of the girls, Winslow.

Dear Boys and Girls: I am a girl 15 years old. As my cousin is writing for the young folks' column I thought I would write. I have 3 sisters and 3 brothers; their names are Harry, George, Ida, Clara and Mamie. My other brother is 7 months old; we have not named him yet. I have one sister married. She has a little baby boy 6 months old. I am over to my aunt's visiting for a few days. We have a house at our home last Monday night, and had a very nice time. For Christmas I got a box of stationery, a pink silk necktie, a writing tablet, a white apron, some peanuts, candy, popcorn and oranges. I go to school every day. I like my very much. I will close by sending a riddle: As I walked in and out again, the living from the dead came; six there were and seven shall be, and this shall set the virgin free.

East LaGrange. EVELA A. BATES.

Dear Boys and Girls: My father has taken the Farmer a long time. My brother has written quite a number of times. Girls, we want to get ahead of the boys, for they are making fun of us. They tell about our being lazy, and can't work out of doors, and take care of the barn. The boys tell about the girls being timid; they are not much more timid than the boys. The girls can take care of the farm as well as the boys, and can do housework better. I guess that R. A. Grover don't dare to write another letter, do you? The boys say they don't have any time to write. They have lots more time than the girls do. I am 11 years old, and I have been to school for 6 years. We have 18 head of cattle and 18 sheep, and one horse. I can harness and unharness the horse, and drive. I will close by writing my name in figures.

6-12-15-18-14-3-5-1. 10-1-22-1-7-5.

Dear Readers of the Farmer: I am keeping house and going to school. My father works in a hospital and mother is living with my grandparents. We shall all move in a few days to live in the spring. I had for Christmas a bad ring, two silk and one white embroidered handkerchiefs, an apron, a dress, a cake plate, a pair of overshoes and \$10 in money. I have an organ and play a great many pieces. I like to exchange some pretty things for your gun or croquet, with some of the girls. Will close by asking a few Bible questions: Where in the Bible is Fuller's soap mentioned? also ox goad, and boy and girl?

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Cooper. MAMIE G. LOWE.

Dear Boys and Girls: As I am a reader of the young folks' column, I have been watching with great interest how the girls have come down from R. A. Grover. I think, for one, he is about right, as I am one of a family of six boys and never had a sister of my own. I never know how worthless a set they were until one of my girl cousins came to visit us last summer. If mother wanted her to assist her with the work she was sure to be sick, but if there was any fun going on she was all right. But she may be an exception. My father lives on a farm; he has taken the Farmer for over twenty years. Now I will tell you what we have for stock and pets: one yoke of heifers, three cows, one odd yearling steer, black and white, which my father would like to get a mate for. He girls five feet; and one horse, his name is Jim. My dog's name is Tiger, he weighs one hundred pounds; and a cat, her name is Topsy, and a squirrel I caught this winter.

Winslow's Mills.

Dear Boys and Girls: I live on a farm. My brother wrote for the Farmer the other day, and I thought I would help to fill up the column. We have lots of fun at school skating. I think that R. A. G. is going too hard on the girls. What would the boys do if it wasn't for the girls, I would like to know? I will tell what I got for Christmas: A plush box of stationery, a small silk handkerchief, some nuts and candy and some oranges. We are having lyceums Saturday nights here, three times a week. I think that Carole Land's riddle is a bit; and I think that Elkanah H. Brackett's is a rooster. I will close by sending some conundrums: Why do cats see best in the dark? What is that which is always invisible but never out of sight?

Yours truly, GERTIE DAY. East LaGrange.

Curious Things.

FREAKS OF LOCOMOTIVES.

They Have Whims and Perversities Even When New.

It is not an uncommon expression to hear that such and such a thing works with the regularity of a machine, and one is not surprised when such a comparison is made, for machines are supposed to work with a mathematical regularity, and never to vary from the speed or action to which they are set. The locomotive, though, is a striking exception to this rule. It seems decidedly opposed at times to its own work, and to itself of the depressing effect of its own power. It indulges in the most fanciful and inexplicable freaks, driving its master into bewildering wonder. To attempt to tell you all its curious ways would be as great an undertaking as to tell why a woman does such and so. In this respect there is a great similarity between locomotives and women.

No one ever heard of an engineer speaking of his machine as "he" and no one ever will, unless it becomes more submissive to reason or less inclined to act according to its own whims and caprices. For this reason an engineer must know his engine before he can manage it with any skill at all. He cannot mount a cab in which he has never sat before and obtain good work. He must become familiar with its habits and ways, and whenever he changes engines he has to begin all over again. Engineers do not like to go out on any other engine. They never gain complete mastery over any, but approach it nearer when they have been on one for some time.

This seems strange, in view of the fact that there are so few levers to be controlled to manage a locomotive. The only parts of the machine necessary to be touched to move the engine forward, back or to bring it to a stop are the throttle, the reverse lever and the air brake. The throttle is the controller of the main valve, which admits or shuts off steam to the cylinder. The reverse lever runs over a semi-circular bar of iron in which there are several notches. When this lever is thrown open the engine will move forward. To reverse it, the reverse lever is thrown backward. The only other lever necessary to be used governs the air brakes.

Like horses, engines seem to know who holds the reins. An engineer on a running train is so few levers to be controlled to do if it begins playing tricks, the one of the most common of which is running away. The engineer will get out of the cab, leaving the machine standing quietly and submissively as can be, when of a sudden it starts along the track at top speed, and generally keeps on running until steam is exhausted. It is not infrequently the case that the engine will run on its own track and is brought to a sudden stop. Just why engines do this is a mystery. How the throttle opens itself or how it can run with the throttle closed is beyond the knowledge of engineers; but they do it, and sometimes play havoc, too.

Another trick is foaming. Without warning, the water in the boiler will begin to boil, and the engine will run on its own track, leaving the machine standing quietly and submissively as can be, when of a sudden it starts along the track at top speed, and generally keeps on running until steam is exhausted. It is not infrequently the case that the engine will run on its own track and is brought to a sudden stop. Just why engines do this is a mystery. How the throttle opens itself or how it can run with the throttle closed is beyond the knowledge of engineers; but they do it, and sometimes play havoc, too.

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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1895.

TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, \$2.50 for first insertion
and seventy-two cents for each subsequent
insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.
Mr. C. S. Ayer is now calling upon our subscribers in Knox County.
Mr. J. W. Kellogg is now calling upon our subscribers in Aroostook County.

Governor Cleaves has reappointed
Chas. Staples, Jr., steamboat inspector.

An examination of the vital bugs
left at this office by Mr. A. W. Carter of
Hallowell, shows that they are the regulation
squash bugs.

Score another for the ladies. Both
houses of the Ohio legislature have
passed a resolution for a constitutional
amendment extending the suffrage to women.

The boys say the bicycle fever is going
to be as prevalent this year as ever. The
standard and first-class wheels which
sold last year for \$125, will be put upon
the market this year for \$100.

The Rickers will use the Maine World's
Fair building at Poland Springs as an
art building, and dormer windows will be
placed in the roof to make the light better.

Ex-Queen Lil has given in her adhe-
sion to the Hawaiian government, not
because she wanted to, but because she
must. But it would have been a more
graceful act had she done so before the
cargo of bombs and other explosives
were found at her domicile.

Our old friend and correspondent, Mr.
J. W. Lang of Bowdoinham, who has
been side-tracked on account of sickness,
for some time, in writing us a friendly
note, adds: "Am not as well for past two
months, completely dry docked since
winter set in. Read a good deal and try
to keep up courage. You are doing yeo-
man's service on the good old Farmer.
May prosperity attend you."

Among the valuable things in this
issue of the Farmer must be reckoned
the story told of the worth of Sagadahoc
fertilizer. Especial attention should be
given the array of figures, so convincing
and unanswerable. They indicate how
others may find increasing wealth and
comfort. No like table has ever been
given the public, and the 6th page of the
Farmer should be preserved for reference.

Those who fancy that the grangers
get together once a month just for a
good time, will do well to read the very
full report of the meeting at Sidney, in
another column. Such gatherings tell
for better farms and increasing pros-
perity. It is fully up to the standard
of institute work, and well deserves the
fullest possible report by the press.
Judged by the work mapped out, it is
to be a busy year with the order in
Kennebec county.

A large company of ladies and gentle-
men, the latter graduates of Colby Uni-
versity, enjoyed the annual banquet of
"Boston Colby Alumni Association," at
Parker's, in Boston, Friday evening.
Colonel F. S. Heseltine, '63, President
of the association, introduced Hon. W. P.
Whitehouse, of the Maine Supreme
Court, President B. L. Whitman, D. D.,
of Colby, Professor William Matthews,
Dr. Everett Flood of Baldwinville,
Mass., and Rev. Dr. Pepper of Water-
ville, as the speakers.

On the second page of this issue we
give some excellent portraits of the mem-
bers of the present Board of Agriculture,
engraved specially for the Farmer, from
a group photograph taken during the re-
cent annual session of the Board in this
city. With the pictures we give brief
biographical sketches of the members,
thus presenting to our readers and pat-
rons our representative agriculturists,
whose minds are directing in the right
channels the industrial thought of the State.

The February number of the Maine
Central is radiant in a new cover, and
blooming with improvements. This
number contains 20 pages well filled
with interesting reading matter, prin-
cipally on Bar Harbor, and the attractive
way in which the subject is handled will
undoubtedly attract many strangers to
visit this, one of Maine's leading sum-
mer resorts. William E. Wood, the
Maine Central railroad's traveling agent's
likeness adorns the publication, as well
as excellent pictures of Col. E. C.
Farrington, the handsome face of Gen.
W. S. Choate of Augusta, E. M. Hersey
of Bangor, and E. W. Plummer, a rep-
resentative traveling man. The front
page is of a new design, having a Bar
Harbor scene on it.

The Richardson Manufacturing Com-
pany of Worcester, Mass., are out with
their announcement for the current year
of the old and reliable Buckeye Mower.
There are very many new and attractive
features about it, though it would seem
that all the resources of the inventive
genius had already been exhausted in
the make-up and composition of this
splendid farm implement. And notwith-
standing all these inventions and im-
provements, the Buckeye still maintains
its simplicity. And just what the prac-
tical farmer likes about the Worcester
Buckeye is—first, its simplicity; second,
its efficiency; third, its durability. It is
undoubtedly the simplest harvesting ma-
chine made; it seldom or never gets out
of order, and when it does it is easily re-
paired. The sale of this favorite ma-
chine, adapted particularly to the farms
of New England, has steadily increased,
year by year, and it is anticipated they
will be more than ever this year upon
which we have entered.

HON. JOHN L. STEVENS, LL. D.

Death knocked at the outer gate, and a
patriot, statesman, and beloved citizen
has departed. John L. Stevens died at
his home on Western avenue, in this
city, at 4 o'clock, Friday morning, of
nervous prostration and valvular dis-
ease of the heart. The end was quite
sudden. As we have seen him from time
to time during the autumn and
early months of winter, we have noticed
a general decline in health and strength,
but with no indication of immediate
fatal results. But more consciously
than any of his friends he realized that
the end was near; the great change did
not take him by surprise; but with a
clear mind almost to the end, he awaited
calmly and with Christian resignation the
last momentous event of his earthly ex-
istence.

John Leavitt Stevens was born in Mt.
Vernon, in this county, August 1, 1820.
He was the son of John and Charlotte
(Lyford) Stevens, who came from Brent-
wood, N. H., and settled in Mt. Vernon
in 1805. His preliminary education was
obtained at Maine Wesleyan Seminary,
and Waterville Liberal Institute. He did
not receive a collegiate education, but like
the Morrills, Conys, Hamlen and others,
achieved success without this advantage.
With the help of Rev. Mr. Gunnison he
took a course in theology, and at the
age of 24 entered the ministry as a Uni-
versalist clergyman, having pastored at
New Sharon, Exeter, N. H., Norway
and Biddeford. After ten years of faith-
ful and able service, he was obliged to
give up the ministry on account of some
weak broken health, but he did not give
up the faith as held by his denomina-
tion, but steadfastly maintained it to the end.

About this time the great questions of
slavery and temperance began to dis-
tinguish the old parties in Maine, and
having been in the pulpit a conspicuous
anti-slavery and prohibition champion,
Mr. Stevens now sought the wider arena
of the press. He moved to Augusta in
the winter of 1855-6, and became the
partner of Hon. James G. Blaine in the
ownership and editorship of the Kenne-
bec Journal. And never was there a
stronger team upon the press of Maine.
From an obscure country sheet, the
Journal attained a reputation nation-
wide. In 1858 Mr. Blaine sold his inter-
est in the paper to the late John S. Say-
ward, to become editor of the Portland
Advertiser. The firm of Stevens &
Sayward continued for a period of eleven
years, 1858 to 1869, during which time
Mr. Stevens had editorial control of the
Journal. During the Presidential cam-
paigns of 1856-1858 Mr. Stevens was in-
vited to assume editorial charge of the
political columns of the Journal, to the
discharge of which relation he brought
the results of his long experience in
journalism, which duties were per-
formed with great acceptance until his
final withdrawal from the paper, July
3d, 1869.

Mr. Stevens was elected a representa-
tive to the State legislature from Augus-
ta in 1869 and 1870, and served the
county in the Senate in 1868 and 1869.
While a member of the House he was
largely instrumental in the passage of an
act establishing the Industrial School
for Girls at Hallowell, and the institu-
tion ever had his profound interest. In
the local affairs of Augusta he had an
abiding interest, and was confident at
some day the city would become a great
manufacturing centre. He was perhaps
the leader in inducing the once powerful
and influential Sprague Manufacturing
Company of Rhode Island to bring capi-
tal to Augusta to more completely de-
velop and utilize the power of the Ken-
nebec dam. Retarded at first by the
failure of the Spragues, upon the solid
foundation which they laid has been
reared the present great plant of the
Edwards Company.

From 1855 to 1860 he was chairman
of the Republican State Committee, and
in 1860 was one of the four delegates at
large to the Republican National Con-
vention at Chicago, which nominated
Abraham Lincoln. He drew the first
platform of the Republican party in
Maine, and was a prominent figure at
State conventions. His voice was heard
upon the stump in nearly every political
campaign.

Mr. Stevens' diplomatic career opened
in 1870 by his appointment by Presi-
dent Grant as Minister to the United Repub-
lics of Uruguay and Paraguay, South Amer-
ica, with residence at Montevideo, where,
with his family, he remained three years,
returning to Augusta in 1873. In 1877
Mr. Stevens was appointed by President
Hayes Minister resident to Sweden and
Norway, which post was occupied six
years. He resided at Stockholm with
his family for this period, making one
visit to this country during the time.
June 20, 1880, he was commissioned by
President Harrison as Minister resident
to the Hawaiian Islands, and soon after
assumed the duties of the legation at
Honolulu. In July, 1890, his official title
was changed to Envoy Extraordinary
and Minister Plenipotentiary, the Ha-
waiian mission having been raised to this
grade by Congress. He resigned this
position in the spring of 1893, and
with his family returned to his home in
this city, where he has since remained.

Mr. Stevens had the high qualities of
the finished scholar, and while at Stock-
holm wrote a careful and graphic his-
tory of Gustavus Adolphus, the great
Swedish king and patriot. About a
year ago he compiled a beautiful souve-
nir under the title of "Picturesque
Hawaii," which was most elegantly il-
lustrated. Besides this he has occa-
sionally contributed to magazines and
reviews. On account of his literary
productions Tufts College, in 1883, con-
ferred upon him the degree of Doctor of
Laws.

Mr. Stevens was married in 1845 to
Miss Mary L. Smith of Hallowell, who
survives him, together with a daughter.
Of their four children, two died in in-
fancy, while their eldest daughter,
Grace, was drowned at Honolulu, the
body being brought home for burial. It
was in the sacred sanctuary of home that
Mr. Stevens was at his best. He almost
worshipped his family, and refused to
undertake any of his missions without
their presence.

Were this the proper place, and did

space permit, we could give columns of
personal reminiscences of this conspicu-
ous life that has now ended on the
earthly side. Mr. Stevens was a natural
politician and diplomat. Not a politician
as the word is prostituted by debased
men, but in the high sense that includes
the qualities of statesmanship. His in-
spiration to enter the field of politics
was the sad ravages that the liquor
traffic had made upon the human race,
and he espoused the cause of prohibition
when to do so was to become unpopular.
He listened to the cries of fettered and
shackled humanity; his dark-skinned
brother's woes he made his own, and he
labored for his emancipation until the
auspicious morning dawned when the
voice of God and the pen of Abraham
Lincoln made our country in deed and
in fact "the home of the free." With a
mind fitted for thorough and patient in-
vestigation, he eagerly sought for the
moral quality of every question, and that
determined at once his attitude towards
it. Conscientiously placing himself on
the right side of every issue, there he
would take his stand, throwing into the
scale of the cause all the power and
force of his great ability. His training
in public affairs eminently fitted him for
his several diplomatic stations, in all
of which he represented the nation
patriotically and with dignity.

Mr. Stevens was a strong personal
friend and associate of Mr. Blaine. In
their love for and devotion to each other
was repeated in daily life the sweet story
of David and Jonathan. Neither had
secrets concealed from the other, and the
admiration of each for the other, and
their unbroken confidence, was some-
thing truly wonderful among men. As
a writer Mr. Stevens was keen and in-
cise, often brilliant, and always high-
toned. He never dealt in trash or sen-
sationalism. His editorials did not de-
pend upon large and conspicuous head-
lines to impart to them force. In every
relation of life, tried by long acquaint-
ance and through many diverse circum-
stances, he has always been the firm
friend, the courteous, high-minded
gentleman, the respected citizen, the
good neighbor. And impartial history
will place upon his brow the wreath of
the patriot and statesman, whose every
heart-throb was for his country and hu-
manity.

How often in our correspondence with
Mr. Stevens when he termed himself an
exile in foreign countries, he longed for
another sight of the hills and valleys of
dear New England, for the familiar view
of the Kennebec valley, and his beloved
home in Augusta. A thorough New
England, and an American to the very
center of his soul, foreign courts and the
atmosphere of royalty only whetted his
appetite for the scenes of his Maine
home. The green fields stretching up
from the valley, the quiet farm houses
dotting the hillsides, the beautiful river
on its way to the sea, and even the at-
mosphere itself, were to his mind an in-
alienable part of his life. And how we
rejoice that after a long and successful public career,
a kind Providence permitted him to re-
turn and spend the closing days of his
life amid the scenes he loved so well,
and that the mysterious passage through
the thin veil that separates the mortal
from the immortal, was made within the
hallowed walls of his Kennebec home.

LAY HIM TO REST.

In Honor of Hon. John L. Stevens.

By JOSEPH A. HOMAN.

Lay him to rest!
Time worn and spent—a life's warfare is
ended;
No heart-beat gives answer again to the call
Of duty with service—so loyally blended—
For Truth and the Right to stand or to fall.

Lay him to rest!
For Truth and the Right—every word he has
uttered
Rings clear with a purpose, nor doubting,
Nor weak;
His voice never blanching, his heart never
fluttering.

Where duty has found him "the flag was
at stake!"

Lay him to rest!
Here, where began the high manhood ambi-
tions—
To manhood so true—that have won him a
place
With the names which have reaped fame's
fairest triumphs—
Here, where triumphs, has ended the race.

Lay him to rest!
Gone!—in the flush of life's worthy achieve-
ment—
While ocean to ocean re-echoes his name;
Though crushed with the grief of a soul's
great bereavement.

Serenely in the right—to men's plaudits
or blame.
Lay him to rest!
Gone, from the scenes of earth's joy and afflic-
tion—
From the home of his love, again death-
dark in sorrow,
He has left with us here, like a saint's ben-
ediction.

Fresh courage, new cheer, for our work of
the morrow.

Lay him to rest!
Mourn not for our friends; tears are for the
living.

The heart-breaks of earth will have never
succored;
But out of all pain will rise gladdest thanks-
giving.

For the infinite joy of a spirit at peace.

The thirty-eighth annual report of the
State bank examiner, Hon. C. R. Whitten,
has been made up and will soon be dis-
tributed. The total deposits in our
savings banks, Nov. 24, 1894, amounted to
\$54,531,223.30, showing a net gain of
\$1,209,914.38 the past year. These fig-
ures do not include some \$85,000 of de-
posits in the Orono Savings Bank at the
time of going into liquidation. The total
number of depositors on this date was
155,704, a net gain of 1782 during the
year. Of the gain of \$1,209,914.38 in de-
posits, \$907,561.31 was credited to depos-
itors whose balance was \$500 or less.
The above showing is very gratifying,
and demonstrates the confidence the
people of this State have in our savings
institutions.

Deputy Marshals Emery and Smith
came in at Portland, Saturday, with half
a dozen offenders against Uncle Sam's
revenue laws. Five of these, Edward
Laundry of Biddeford, George W. Wad-
leigh of Augusta, Harry E. Emmons of
Biddeford, Napoleon Boland and Henry
E. Pelletier of Lewiston, are charged
with selling oleomargarine without pay-
ing the United States revenue tax. Jo-
seph Wedge of Augusta, is charged with
selling liquor without payment of the
revenue tax. The oleomargarine cases
will be prosecuted to the full extent of
the law.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.

In Senate, Thursday, Mr. Savage of
Androscoggin presented a bill to amend
an act entitled "An act relating to the
taxation of savings banks," which was
referred to the Committee on Banks and
Banking. It provides for making semi-
annual returns for the purpose of tax-
ation, of its deposits, reserve fund and
unredeemed bonds for exhibition.

The same Senator presented an amend-
ment to the collateral inheritance law.
The amendment is advocated by the
State Assessors. It provides that the
tax shall be five per cent. instead of 2½;
that it shall be levied on the whole es-
tate; that \$1000 be exempted from the
whole estate instead of \$500 from each
bequest as the law is now interpreted.

Another amendment is that the tax may
be paid within three years and that the
probate may extend the time for three
years and still another is to exempt from the
provisions of the law money bequeathed to
charitable institutions.

Mr. Wood presented a resolve author-
izing a temporary loan.
In House, Thursday, the resolve to ap-
propriate \$25,000 for the State College
annually for a term of ten years, was
passed, after a fruitless attempt to cut it
down. The bill was passed to exempt
agricultural societies from taxation on
property used for exhibition.

On Friday, a bill was presented in the
Senate by Mr. Marston, providing that
on the first day of May, in every other
year, owners of wild lands shall file with
the State Assessors descriptions of their
lands and describing their interest there-
in if less than the whole. Abstracts of
descriptions of lands in deeds conveying
the same are to be sent to the State As-
sessors within 30 days after such sales.
Upon application by the owner of any
land who is dissatisfied with the value
the State Assessors valuation, the State As-
sessors may appoint an expert in esti-
mating timber lands in the vicinity of
the land in question, to explore and esti-
mate the same. The owner may appoint
another expert to explore and estimate the
land, and the two experts shall accompany
and assist the State's expert. The State
expert shall report in writing to the State
Assessors, and they shall give a hearing at
which the owner may be heard before they
decide what value to change the value of
the land.

It was reported that the Maine Life
Underwriters have leave to withdraw
their petition for incorporation, as they
could organize under the general laws.

An act to fix the salary and allowances
of the Judges of the County of Kennebec,
and an act to establish the salary of the
Judge of Probate for the county of Kenne-
bec, were passed to the House.

The resolve was passed giving \$20,000 to
the Maine Hospital at Lewiston, and
also the resolve in favor of the Maine
Eye and Ear Infirmary of Portland.

The resolve appropriating \$150,000 for
the Eastern Maine Insane Hospital, was
passed in the House on Friday.

In House, Friday, Mr. Merrill of Port-
land introduced a bill to amend the
school text book law so that the parent
or guardian may buy the text books at
his own expense for the exclusive use of
a pupil.

An act to exempt from taxation the
property of all agricultural, horticultural
and mechanical associations so long as
held and used solely for exhibition pur-
poses, was passed to be engrossed.

In the House, Friday, a bill to exempt
agricultural societies from taxation was
tabled. The State College resolve was
assigned for Thursday. Senator Wells
presented remonstrances from 12 Relief
Corps against State aid for the Veterans'
Home at Portland.

The resolve appropriating \$5000 to the
Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary of Port-
land, had its final reading in the House,
Saturday; also the resolves for the Lew-
iston hospital.

Both branches adjourned to Tuesday,
the House out of respect to the late Hon.
John L. Stevens.

On Monday many members of the
legislature were in Portland, and at-
tended the banquet at the Maine Eye and
Ear Infirmary, given by the Maine Academy
of Medicine. After the speaking the
members held a business meeting, at
which the medical registration bill was
discussed and endorsed.

In Senate, Tuesday, Mr. Savage pre-
sented a bill to amend the law relating to
notice of injuries received on the high-
ways.

An act in relation to the care and cus-
tody of minor children was passed to be
engrossed. The bill in regard to tres-
pass on wild land was indefinitely post-
poned.

In House, Tuesday, Mr. Haines of Wa-
terville presented a bill providing that
municipal officers may secure reimburse-
ment for the crackers and cheese and
entertainment afforded tramps, by com-
pelling them to work out their indebted-
ness to the municipality either at the
house or in the streets.

The bill to amend the law relating to
any hobo becomes contemptuous, refus-
ing to labor, he may be convicted under
the tramp law.

The same gentleman presented a bill
to incorporate the Waterville & Wis-
consin Railroad, and also a bill to incor-
porate of Brighton, Mass., Matthew
Luce of Boston, A. P. Libby of Fort
Fairfield, C. E. Libby of Burnham and I.
C. Libby of Waterville are named as
incorporators.

The company to be incorporated will
give the right to build a road from
Waterville through Winslow and Vassal-
boro to Weeks' Mills, in the town of
China, the road to be operated by steam
or electricity, or both. The company
address, showing the speaker's business
relation with the deceased.

The bill to amend the law relating to
trespass on wild land was indefinitely post-
poned.

The bill to amend the law relating to
notice of injuries received on the high-
ways.

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dent Seiders of the Senate, and Speaker
Powers of the House, will receive the
members of the legislature, State offi-
cials and the people of Maine, at the
State House on Friday, February 22d,
Washington's Birthday, from two to
four o'clock in the afternoon. The in-
vitation to the public is general, and all
are cordially invited to be present. Half
pence of fare on the Maine Central.

Yesterday the resolutions in favor of
the appropriation for several out-build-
ings, etc., at the Insane Hospital in this
city, received a passage in the House.

ACCIDENTS.

As Mrs. John W. Jones was riding on
North High street, Belfast, a bolt in the
sleigh shaft broke, letting the shafts fall
about the horse's heels. The horse ran
a short distance, colliding meanwhile
with two other teams, and finally went
into Capt. Jones' door yard and stopped.

Mrs. Jones was thrown out and dragged
a short distance, but luckily escaped
with some bruises and scratches. Three
children who were in the sleigh with her
remained in until the horse stopped.

Hubbard C. Bowden of Biddeford, sixty
years old, was instantly killed, last
week, by a tree falling on him while
he was logging in the Kennebec woods.

He leaves a widow and three daughters.
Mr. Lewis Whelden of Buxton, while
loading logs in Hamblin's woods, Gor-
ham, the other day, was crushed be-
tween a log and team by the oxen start-
ing suddenly. It is thought he was
injured internally.

A little son of Elbridge Newcomb of
Harrison had his leg broken by his
cradle falling on him the other day.

S. J. Gurney of Waldo was quite badly
hurt while working in the woods, by a
falling limb. His arm was
fractured, and an ugly gash cut on his
head.

Friday forenoon the Mattawamkeag
freight train, while on its way to Bangor,
was wrecked on the bridge over the
William Linnell, a section hand. It is
supposed that he was walking upon the
track, and in the blinding snow storm
neither saw nor heard the approaching
train. He was not seen by anybody on
the train.

Ira K. Dodge of New Vineyard met
with a painful accident one day recently,
while hauling wood, getting entangled
in his team, and breaking his leg and
other parts of his body.

He was taken to the hospital at the house
of William L. Bradford of Knightville,
Thursday, seriously burning his foot-
sucker, who was in the room at the time
of the explosion.

An accident occurred in the logging
works of the Spauldings at Wilson's
Mills, January 30th, resulting in the
death of A. E. Goyette, aged 28 years.
He was working in the yard and started
for the top to roll down some logs.
The fire worked up into the chambers,
and burst out in the attic, and from
several points in the roof. Here the
streams of water were directed, and the
main part of the house was ruined by
fire and water. Insured for \$2500.

Tuesday forenoon, as Mr. Wallace S.
Weeks of Riverside, the well known
dealer in cream, farm vegetables, etc.,
was driving down Water street, a snow
slide from Parker's building fell upon
his cargo, knocking his milk and cream
cans, together with their contents, eggs,
etc., into a cocked hat, and scattering
them in every direction. Mr. Weeks
picked up the fragments, and realized
that it "is of no use to cry for spilled milk."

—As will be remembered, some two
years ago Mr. W. H. Gannett, publisher
of Comfort, this city, brought suit in the
United States Court against R. Hoe &
Co., the large printing press builders of
New York city, for the non-fulfillment of
contract; the year before Mr. Gannett
had ordered a \$40,000 color press, to be
delivered within six months, on which
to print Comfort. Messrs. Hoe & Co.
failed to have the press ready at the
time called for in the contract, and Mr.
Gannett suffered serious loss from the
delay. The suit has now been settled by
a compromise being effected before com-
ing to trial, and Mr. Gannett has accept-
ed the press, Messrs. Hoe & Co. having
made concession to the sum of \$19,000.

This press is said to be a marvel in its
class, and is totally unlike anything that
was ever before manufactured. It
weighs between thirty and forty tons,
and will arrive and be set up in the
Comfort building, on Willow street, in a
few weeks.

The funeral of the late John L.
Stevens was held at the Winthrop street
Unitarian church, Monday forenoon
at 11 o'clock. Previous to this, private
services were held at the house, where
the casket of oak, with silver trimmings,
rested in the study of Mr. Stevens' late
residence, beneath wreaths of roses,
lilies, ferns and smilax. In the church,
besides the family, were present, a
large number of friends, and there were
unbroken columns of white pinks,
encircled by a wreath, and a
magnificent pillow of roses and ever-
green. The attendance included many
distinguished citizens, State and county
officers and members of the legislature.

The pall bearers were Joseph A. Homan,
W. S. Badger, ex-Governor Burleigh,
Charles E. Nash, George S. Ballard and
Charles A. Milliken. The eulogy was
pronounced by Rev. Mr. Stevens' former
pastor, Rev. H. S. Whitman of West-
brook Seminary, who entered into the
distinguished character of the deceased
as a diplomat, editor and clergyman. It
was an exceedingly able and appreciative
feature, showing the speaker's business
relation with the deceased.

He was assisted in the service by the present
pastor, Rev. Mr. Hayden. The burial was
in Mr. Stevens' family lot at Hal-
lowell.

Will Isaac Bonds.

The President sent a message to Con-
gress, Friday, notifying it that he will
issue bonds. He says: In accordance
with the Revised Statutes, the details of
an arrangement have this day been con-
cluded with parties ably and able to
fulfill their undertaking, whereby bonds
of the United States authorized under
the act of July, 1875, payable in coin
thirty years after their date, with in-
terest at the rate of four per cent. per
annum, to the amount of a little less
than \$62,400,000 are to be issued for the
purchase of gold coin amounting to a
sum slightly in excess of \$65,000,000, to
be delivered to the treasury of the
United States, which sum added to the
gold now held in our reserve, will so
restore such reserve as to make it
amount to more than one hundred
millions of dollars.

Such a premium is to be allowed to
the government upon the bonds as to
bring the rate of interest down to three
fourths of one per cent. per annum.

At least one-half of the gold to be ob-
tained is to be supplied from abroad,
which is a very important and favorable
feature of the transaction. The priv-
ilege is especially reserved to the gov-
ernment to substitute at par within ten
days from the date in lieu of the four
per cent. coin bonds, other bonds in
terms payable in gold.

All the

MAINE FARMS

Can grow Hay and Grain for Maine stock far below present Market Rates for Western grain. The Latent Powers in these so-called worn soils, with Thorough Tillage and

DIRIGO GRASS FERTILIZER

Give an oat crop sufficient to cover all expenses, and always insures four, and sometimes six, heavy hay crops. Success attends the intelligent application of the Dirigo EVERYWHERE and always.

DIRIGO SAVES Thousands of Dollars YEARLY.

Thousands more might be saved to the farmers of Maine if they will but open the soil to its use. The following evidence cannot be disputed. It is the story from the farms of Maine, as told by the farmers themselves.

STUDY THIS TABLE CAREFULLY! There's Meat in it!

It is the only Hay Bulletin ever issued in the State of Maine, showing a succession of crops on the same soil for a series of years, told by the farmers themselves.

It Proves our claim for LASTING POWER and PAYING QUALITIES of DIRIGO.

This Table will not be published again.

STUDY THIS TABLE!

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	No. of Acres.	Dirigo Used.	Cost of Dirigo.	Crop of Grain.	1st Crop of Hay.	2d Crop of Hay.	3d Crop of Hay.	4th Crop of Hay.	5th Crop of Hay.	6th Crop of Hay.	No. Tons Grown.	Value at \$6 per ton.	Value of Grain.	Total Value.	Cost of Fertilizer.	Profit in Dollars.
Joseph Nye	Fairfield	19	22,000	\$297 00	Bu. 760	T. 28 1-2	28 1-2	28 1-2	20	105 1-2	\$633 00	\$304 00	\$937 00	\$297 00	\$640 00
D. B. Libby	Pownal	20	20,000	270 00	870	45	40	40	35	24	24	208	1,248 00	348 00	1,596 00	270 00	1,326 00
Fred N. Jordan	West Pownal	25	25,000	337 50	875	25	37 1-2	35	28	12 1-2	..	138	828 00	350 00	1,198 00	337 50	840 50
A. C. Greenleaf	Farmington	3	3,500	47 25	105	4 1-2	4 1-2	4	3	4 1-2	4	24 1-2	147 00	42 00	189 00	47 25	141 75
"	"	2	2,400	32 40	70	3	3	2	3 1-2	3	1 1-2	16 1-2	96 00	28 00	124 00	32 40	93 60
John G. Rogers	North Bath	1 1/2	1,100	14 85	44	1 7-8	1 7-8	1 3-4	1 7-8	1 7-8	1 1-2	10 3-4	64 50	17 00	82 10	14 85	67 25
Lewis Lane	Monmouth	4 1/2	5,000	67 50	170	5 1-2	6 1-2	4 1-2	3 1-4	19 3-4	159 75	68 00	227 75	67 50	160 25
W. H. Cunningham	Richmond	17	34,000	459 00	595	25 1-2	25 1-2	25 1-2	25 1-2	17	10	129	774 00	288 00	1,062 00	459 00	553 00
H. T. Cummings	South Paris	2 1/2	400	5 40	None.	1	1-2	3-4	1-2	3-4	1-4	3 3-4	22 50	..	22 50	5 40	17 10
John A. Dennett	North Berwick	2	800	10 80	None.	3	2 1-2	2 1-2	1 1-2	2 1-2	..	12	72 00	..	72 00	10 80	61 20
Everett Williams	Bowdoinham	2	2,000	27 00	60	4	4	2	1 1-2	1	1	13 1-2	81 00	24 00	105 00	27 00	78 00
G. H. Pope	Vassalboro	1	2,500	33 75	35	3	3	2	2	1 3-4	1 1-2	13 1-4	79 50	14 00	93 50	33 75	59 75
D. F. Drinkwater	Sabattus	12	10,000	135 00	456	14 2-5	12	12	12	12	..	109 2-5	596 40	182 40	778 80	135 00	641 80
C. S. Drinkwater	"	2	2,400	32 40	65	4	1 1-2	1 3-4	1 1-2	1 1-2	1	11 1-4	67 50	26 00	93 50	32 40	61 10
Joseph Knowles	Belgrade	2	2,000	27 00	80	3	3	2	1 1-2	9 1-2	57 00	32 24	89 00	27 00	62 00
George F. Benson	North Newcastle	1 1/2	1,500	20 25	60	5	2 1-4	2 1-2	1	1	1-2	12 1-4	73 50	24 00	97 50	20 25	79 25
E. W. Smith	Bowdoinham	2 1/2	2,500	33 75	85	4	4	3 1-2	3 1-2	1 1-2	1	17 1-2	105 00	34 00	139 00	33 75	105 25
C. W. Stuart & Son	Belgrade	2	2,000	27 00	110	2 3-4	2 1-2	2 1-2	2	1 1-4	1	12	72 00	44 00	116 00	27 00	89 00
"	"	10	12,000	162 00	400	10	13	10	10	5	..	48	288 00	160 00	448 00	162 00	286 00
Ira D. Sturgis & Son	Vassalboro	15	15,000	202 50	None.	22 1-2	22 1-2	18 3-4	15	18 3-4	15	112 1-2	675 00	..	675 00	202 50	472 50
W. P. Atherton	Hallowell	2	2,000	27 00	60	2	2	3	2	1 1-2	..	10 1-2	63 00	24 00	87 00	27 00	60 00
A. H. Bailey	Sidney	2	1,200	16 20	80	4	4	4	4	1 1-2	1 1-4	18 3-4	112 50	32 00	144 30	16 20	128 30
C. H. Cobb	East Poland	2	2,000	27 00	None.	2	2	2	4	1	..	8	48 00	..	48 00	27 00	21 00
G. H. Crocker	East Pittston	15	13,000	175 50	675	18 3-4	18 3-4	18 3-4	18 3-4	15	6 1-4	96 1-4	577 50	270 00	847 50	175 00	672 50
Albert S. Ward	North Bath	1 1/2	2,000	27 00	60	2 7-8	2 7-8	2 7-8	1 1-4	9	59 25	24 00	83 25	27 00	56 25
Clarkson Jones	South China	1	1,200	16 20	40	1 1-4	1 1-4	1 1-4	1	1	1	6 3-4	40 50	16 00	56 50	16 20	40 30
L. H. Blossom	Turner Centre	2	2,000	27 00	66	3	3	3	2	11	66 00	26 40	92 40	27 00	65 40
Henry Sylvester	Durham	1	600	8 10	30	2	1 1-2	1	6 1-2	27 00	12 00	39 00	8 10	30 90
G. F. Crockett	"	4	3,000	40 50	120	8	6	3	17	102 00	48 00	150 00	40 50	109 50
Thomas Crowley	South Lewiston	2 1/2	2,000	27 00	84	4 1-2	4	3	..	1 1-4	..	15	91 50	33 60	125 10	27 00	98 10
P. Keyes, Jr.	Litchfield	11	13,000	175 50	458	16 1-2	9	16 1-2	16 1-4	8	4	70 1-2	423 00	183 20	606 20	175 50	430 70
H. P. Bush	Athens	5	5,000	67 50	None.	7 1-2	7 1-2	10	5	5	4 1-4	55	210 00	..	210 00	67 50	142 50
Llewellyn Norton	Farmington	7	5,600	75 60	245	14	14	14	10 1-2	4	..	56 1-2	319 00	98 00	417 00	75 60	341 40
D. B. Johnson	Freedom	2	1,600	21 60	60	4 1-2	4	3	2	2	1 1-4	16 3-4	100 60	24 00	124 50	21 60	102 90
Charles L. Tibbette	Fairfield	3	1,500	20 25	105	3	4 1-2	3	3	3	..	12 1-2	75 00	42 00	117 00	20 25	96 75
Alden Rogers	Bath	2	2,000	27 00	80	4	3	3	3 1-2	2 3-4	..	16 1-4	97 50	32 00	129 50	27 00	102 50
John Pinkham	West Gardiner	2	2,400	32 40	80	3	3	3	2	2	2	15	90 00	24 00	114 00	32 40	81 60
B. F. Sanford	Farmingdale	4 1/2	4,000	54 00	180	4 1-2	4 1-2	4 1-2	4 1-2	4 1-2	3	25 1-2	153 00	72 00	225 00	54 00	171 00
E. E. Purinton	Bowdoin	1	1,500	20 25	50 1/2	2 1-2	1 1-2	1	1	1	1-2	7 1-2	43 00	20 00	63 00	20 25	44 95
Elias Reed	Bowdoinham	2	1,200	16 20	50	4	4	3 1-2	3	3 1-2	2	20	120 00	20 20	140 00	16 20	123 80
F. A. Gray	Morrill	25	18,000	243 00	800	25	25	25	25	20	12	132	792 00	320 00	1,112 00	243 00	869 00
Orsmandel Smith	Litchfield Plains	2 1/2	3,125	38 75	87 1/2	3 1-2	3 1-2	3 1-2	2 1-2	2 1-2	18	108 00	35 00	143 00	38 75	104 25	
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"	"	3	3,750	46 50	105	4 1-2	4 1-2	4 1-2	4 1-2	2 1-2	23	138 00	42 00	180 00	46 50	133 50	
"	"	3	3,750	46 50	105	4 1-2	4 1-2	4 1-2	4 1-2	..	18	108 00	42 00	150 00	46 50	103 50	
W. B. & E. P. Kendall	Bowdoinham	11	18,000	243 00	378	14	18	13 1-2	6 1-2	6	7	65	390 00	151 20	541 20	243 00	298 20
		266 1/2	285,775	\$3,839 40	8,994	385	381	360 1-8	332 1-8	216	123 1-2	1,792 1-2	\$9,647 80	\$3,597 60	13,245 40	\$3,839 40	\$10,406 00

SAGADAHOC FERTILIZER COMPANY,
BOWDOINHAM, MAINE.

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They are sent free.
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In the disposal of prop
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Redowa, by Redwo
Raley; O. S. Waite, Can
Jessica, 9 yrs., by Ry
Dictator Chief; Ralph F
Gelding, 4 yrs., by
Brown, Ramford, \$70.
Brown colt, 1 yr., by
Messenger Wilkes; Oca
ton, \$72.50.

Brown colt, 1 yr., by
Dr. Franklin; Dr. Twadd
Black filly, 2 yrs., by M
Foster, \$70.
One year old, by Abbot
Dr. A. L. Stanwood, Can
Chestnut mare, 5 yrs.,
foal to Tarratine, son of
Cressey, Gorham, \$100.
Chestnut mare, 5 yrs.,
dam by Olympus, in foa
Ralph Foster, \$80.

Evelyn; M. A. Waite, Can
The eleven head sold f
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With the sale of Alca
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England—Sunnyside Farm
Maple Grove Farm, Aub
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Better Crops

result from use of fertilizers rich in potash. Most fertilizers sold do not contain

Sufficient Potash

to insure the best results. The results of the latest investigations of the use and abuse of potash are told in our books.

They are sent free. It will cost you nothing to read them, and they will save you dollars.

Horse Department.

If a young horse, brought out last year, trained and developed, its quality proven by winning races in hot company and getting a mark of 2.27 1/2, sells for two hundred and fifty dollars, what is a horse worth which fails to reach the 2.30 mark?

It is confidently asserted that the following male lines more fully than the female, while size comes largely from the dams. Substance, courage and intelligence are wanted in both. These are good points to remember in breeding.

Compressed paper horsehoes, cemented to the hoof, are now under trial in the German cavalry. Nails did not prove successful in setting these paper shoes, and cement is now under experiment with satisfactory results up to the present report. These shoes are used on the fore feet only at present, the hind feet being shod with iron.

A breeder growing horses for the road horse market was lately approached by a trainer of ability who desired to take one or two colts to develop, offering strong inducements. "No, sir," said the breeder, "I cannot afford to drop the value of my colts. These colts will sell for more in the road horse market than ever among the trotters, even though you put them in the 2.30 list. My aim is to excel in road horse production."

[Those who think that a horse is merely a horse have missed their calling in trying to breed horses; but the man who understands how to mate mare with stallion to get a given type, the man who has at his command the services of high class stallions, the man who understands that action is equal to reaction in the market as well as in physics, that man will make one of the mistakes of his life in shunning horse breeding in the face of the present condition of affairs. He has not deceived. Outstanding merit always will bring money in the horse market.]

The wave of reform is sweeping onward. It took the R. I. legislators just one hour to repeal the bill permitting pool-selling on race tracks. It looks as though the mighty question whether trotting events can be carried forward successfully without gambling, is to be fully settled. Now let the law be universally enforced all along the line, and then we enjoy sport without attending objectionable features, show their appreciation by generous attendance. Public opinion is a mighty factor and to-day it is against pool-selling throughout the entire Eastern States.

It looks as though the season of 1895 would be as prolific in race records as 1894, and that the trotting parks will receive as much attention as formerly. This surely should be the case, for it is the only door open to the trotting or racing horse breeder where the worth of his family or the individual can be proven. Let no one think that the days of trotting are over because a different call is heard in the market. There's room for both and for all, and the State will reap the greatest benefit by encouraging the breeding and developing of every class.

All along the line evidence is accumulating that the more advanced writers for horse papers are thoroughly awakened to the fact that the road horse is the only one for the farmer to breed and the only one promising sure profit. More than this, that the demand is not for speed, but size, substance, intelligence and courage with pleasing action. One leading buyer says, "While men interested in the race course are on the watch for speed, the great majority are looking for other qualities such as go to make the ideal road horse, and do not ask even that they be three minute horses. What they do insist on is a good horse put up for service and to endure."

The man who seeks to narrow the line of breeding, and measure the value of animals solely by the record, is not the one to build public attention and confidence. Some horse papers will have to be built over on a little broader gauge.

In the disposal of property left by D. M. Foster the following horses were lately sold at auction:

Aggie Franklin 2.38 1/2, by Dr. Franklin; Ralph Foster, Canton, \$210.

Redowa, by Redwood, in foal to Hazy; O. S. Waite, Canton, \$135.

Jessica, 9 yrs., by Rysdyke, in foal to Doctor Chief; Ralph Foster, \$70.

Gelding, 4 yrs., by Elsmere; E. L. Brown, Rumford, \$70.

Brown colt, 1 yr., by All So, dam by Messenger Wilkes; Oscar Childs, Canton, \$72.50.

Brown colt, 1 yr., by Arrival, dam by Dr. Franklin; Dr. Twaddle, Bethel, \$125.

Black filly, 2 yrs., by Marlowe; Ralph Foster, \$70.

One year old, by Abbot Wilkes, 2.12 1/2; Dr. A. L. Stanwood, Canton, \$90.

of Nelson and Wilkes to produce extreme speed is everywhere acknowledged while colts by other horses wait only development. The Messrs. Briggs at Auburn have made a grand record on the track with colts by Messenger Wilkes, Rockefeller and Warner. While the former is proving an exceptional sire of road horse, of size, substance and great courage, over at Elmwood Farm the French Coach stallions is being admitted more and more as they mature into horses of size, substance and remarkable road qualities, while the uniformity in conformation is a matter of surprise to every visitor. These three establishments carrying three or more stallions, and one hundred or more colts must be reckoned the leading ones in New England, and lovers of choice horses will do well to inspect these, being assured of high quality in every case.

THE STOMACH OF A HORSE.

In a lecture by Professor Limont, of the Glasgow veterinary college, he spoke of the stomach of the horse, which, he says, is the exact opposite of that of the ox in the arrangement of the alimentary canal. The stomach of the horse is a single bag, and a very small one. Compared to the size of the animal, it is ludicrously small. The structure of the first of it is just the same as that of the first three stomachs of the ox. It is very small, and only the second half of it secretes gastric juice. The smallness led to the consideration of some remarkable facts. The stomach was too little to contain an ordinary feed of oats, for by the time two-thirds of it had been eaten as much was passing out from the stomach into the bowels as was coming into the stomach. Of course, with bulky food this peculiarity was still more marked. In consequence of this, a very large proportion of the horse's food was not digested in the stomach, but was shoved right through into the bowels. A large proportion of the food remained a very short time in the stomach, and the bowels had to do much of the digestive work.

Poultry Department.

Eggs have ranged as high as forty cents the past few weeks in Boston, and fortunate has been the man who has had his basket filled. Winter production calls for something besides neglect and rough treatment, but the man who is willing to give attention to his flock can realize amply for time and trouble.

Among the curios carefully preserved, is the following order of eggs received several years ago. We present in full, punctuation, quotation and all:

Dear Sir: I am ready for a hen is sitting now I want 100 eggs for 10.00 dollars. will you do. If you will not call cheap. I want 40 eggs "I will send 300 when hens are sitting I will let you know" "Now I want you send me 13 eggs all Plymouth Rocks females and one male. Will you do 10.00 for 100 eggs this season when I want?"

yours Truly

We wonder sometimes if farmers will ever realize the value of poultry in their orchards, and forget the few hundred pounds of hay to be cured there. Dollars are on the one side against cents on the other. The man who fences his orchard and turns it over to the hens, stocking so that all grass will be kept down, will realize not only a greatly increased harvest, but fruit of much better quality. Give the poultry the run of the orchard, and reap the harvest of gain.

This is but one of many ways in which profit may be gained. The orchard occupied by hens will be comparatively free from insect pests. Set the poultry at work in early spring, and frequently stir the surface with the cultivator, and the result will be seen the first year. Try it and be convinced.

FEEDING GREEN BONES.

Green bones (those from the butcher) can not be ground, as they are too tough, and contain a large share of water or blood. They must therefore be cut up with a bone cutter. When bones become very hard and dry, they can be ground, but then have lost a large proportion of their nutritive matter. Green bones are rich in nitrogen, and therefore serve as food. When a bone contains a large share of adhering meat it is all the more valuable.

Bones serve several purposes when used for poultry. Being phosphate of lime, they are capable of being digested, which is not the case with oyster-shells and grit; and they supply the birds with elements that may be lacking in the food. They also assist in grinding the food, taking the place of grit, and are readily accepted by all classes of poultry. In fact, it is safe to claim that there is nothing that can be used as egg-producing food, which serves the purpose so well as green bone, its combination of qualities—nitrogen, lime for egg-shells, and adaptation to all fowls and all ages—give it a place even higher than meat, which contains nitrogen, but no lime or other mineral matter.

When grain is the principal food the hens are sometimes unable to produce eggs, because while the materials for forming the yolk are plentiful, the elements required to produce albumen and the bony parts of the chicks, as well as the shell of eggs, are lacking. Bones supply these deficiencies, and thus increase the production of eggs. One pound of green bone is sufficient per day for sixteen hens, and when the cost of this amount of bone is considered, and compared with the increase of eggs resulting from the feeding of bone, and the greater variety of food, its cheapness is at once apparent.

As stated, the reducing of bones to

smaller suitable for the fowls is difficult, unless one has the appliance for so doing. The bone-cutter (not bone-mill) should be a regulation implement with all poultrymen. Its cost may be an item at first, but the great service it performs by enabling one to use a material that could not otherwise be made serviceable, makes it really cost less, as it soon repays for the outlay. A bone is too hard when dry, and too tough when green, to be pounded. Labor is too valuable to be wasted at such work. If hens are intended to lay, they are but themselves machines for converting raw materials into something more salable, and the additional machine—the bone-cutter—will give them better opportunities for producing a profit.—Poultry Herald.

Poetry.

RETROSPECTION.

BY HELEN RAY.

I used to live upon a farm,
Away down east in Maine;
And as I sit and dream at night,
Those scenes come back again.

I see again the furrowed land,
The fields of growing grass;
The hills, that oft were wandered over,
By me—a country lass.

I see the cows come slowly home,
Through lanes so long and wide,
I see the huge and gray old rocks,
That frowned on either side.

I see the men go trooping by,
An awkward, lumbering train;
And hear my father swear about
The puddles in the lane.

Talk not to me of rural joys,
The farmer's peaceful life,
I'll take the city, every time,
With all its care and strife.

I'd not exchange my attic room,
Within the city's glare,
For all the farms in Christendom,
Though free from toil and care.

Our Story Teller.

THREE BLACK BAGS.

The Part They Played in the Lives of Several People.

As I often say to my wife, when she blames me for forgetting her little commissions, it's a queer thing, is the mind, and great is the force of habit. I never forget to do anything I'm in the habit of doing, but as Tilly usually attends to the shopping herself I'm not in the habit of calling at the butcher's or the grocer's on my way home from business, and therefore—well, therefore, I don't call three times out of five that she tells me to.

Don't I catch it? No; not overmuch, anyhow. For one thing, we haven't been married very long, and Tilly agrees that it's only reasonable I should have time to learn to be more careful, and, for another, if it wasn't for the hold a habit has on me, I doubt whether we should be married yet, or if at least we shouldn't be living in our own house, with the furniture all bought at a large discount for cash.

I am a clerk in the service of a firm of colliery and quarry owners at Lington, and every Saturday morning I go out to Westbury, a village some thirty miles off among the moors, to pay the quarrymen their wages.

It's an awkward sort of journey. I have to start by the first train in the morning, which leaves Lington at six, change at Drak, our junction with the main line, and then I have to go on to Westbury, some ten miles farther south, and do the rest of the distance in the brake van of a mineral train.

The money (nearly one hundred pounds, mostly silver) I always carry in a little black leather bag, one of those bags you see by scores every day, which may contain anything from a packet of sandwiches and a collar to a dynamite bomb. It's my habit when in the train to put the bag on the rack facing me. I rarely keep it on the seat by my side, and I don't like to put it over my head.

If it has to go there because the opposite rack is full I am always uneasy about it, fancying I shall forget when I get out. I never have forgotten it yet, but one Saturday in November, 1893, I did something which might have been worse. I took the evening bag when I left the train at Thurley.

It happened in this way: On Friday night I went out with Tilly to a party, which broke up so late that I had only just time to change my clothes and get a sort of apology for a breakfast before catching my train. Consequently I slept all the way from Lington to Drak, and at Drak I stumbled, only half awake, into the first third-class compartment I came to.

Three of the corner seats were occupied and I took the fourth, though there was no room on the opposite rack for my bag. I couldn't put it on the seat by my side, either, because the man opposite in the other corner had his legs up and I didn't care to disturb him. I ought, of course, to have kept it on my knees, but it was too heavy and I was very sleepy, so I just slung it over my head, settled myself down and dropped off again almost before the train was clear of the station.

I didn't wake up until we stopped at Thurley, and even then I fancy I should have slept on if the two men at the far end of the compartment had not wanted to get out.

"What station is this?" I asked, sitting up and drawing my legs from across the door to let them pass. "Oxford, I suppose?"

"No, Thurley," said one, and up I jumped in a hurry, took my bag, I thought, from the rack opposite me, and got down on the platform just as the guard whistled the train away.

"You ran it a bit fine that time, mister," remarked the man who had saved me from being carried past my destination. "I wonder if that other chap meant going on? He was as fast asleep as you."

"Oh, he's all right," said his companion. "He's booked for London. I heard him say so when he got in."

I felt much refreshed when we arrived at the quarry. After I had had a wash and done full justice to a second breakfast at the "Miners Arms" I felt ready to face my morning's work of making up the men's pay sheets.

Then, as I felt in my pocket for my keys, my memory began to entertain a vague suspicion that that bag was somehow unfamiliar to it. However, my key fitted the lock and as I turned it my mind flashed, but only to be replaced a moment later by an astounding certainty.

Instead of resting upon the familiar brown paper packages of silver and

little canvas bags of gold, my eyes were dazzled by a many-colored iridescence, which shone forth from the inside of that bag as soon as I opened it.

"Diamonds, by jingo!" I cried as I started back in amazement.

I thought it best to keep my discovery to myself.

The bag, I guessed, was probably the property of a jeweler's traveler—a traveler in a large way of business, too, thought I, as I peered into it in the least exposed corner of the office and found it almost full of what, little as I knew about precious stones, I felt certain were valuable jewels.

Rings, brooches, bracelets, loose stones, at least one necklace, a gold watch and chain, some bank notes and a considerable sum of sovereigns were all mixed up together in a chaotic confusion. I looked at least once over the contents of the bag, but I began to doubt whether it was consistent with honest possession of, at all events, the contents of the bag on the part of my late fellow passenger—the man who was booked for London, and who had been asleep when I left the train at Thurley.

No doubt he was awake and also aware of his loss by this time. What a state of mind he must be in, too. But, just as I was trying to realize his state of mind a murmur of gruff voices and a shuffling of heavy feet in the yard outside reminded me that it was time to pay the men.

Hurriedly summoning the foreman, and telling him that a mistake had been made in supplying me with money, I went down into the village, and after some trouble, succeeded in collecting enough silver and copper to serve my purpose. Then with that precious bag out of sight between my feet, I paid the men.

As soon as I had finished my task I returned per mineral train to Thurley, and there I broke my journey. On calmly reviewing all the circumstances of the case, the conclusion of the brain was I had decided that the police rather than the railway authorities ought to be first informed of my mistake, and the inspector to whom I told my story agreed with me.

"I am very glad you came straight to me," said he, turning the contents of the bag out on his desk. "If you can hold your tongue for a week or two it's just possible we may catch the gentleman who put this nice little lot together."

"You think they have been stolen, then?" I asked.

"Think!" he repeated, smiling at my simplicity. "I know, my boy. And when and where, too; though, unfortunately, not by whom. Run your eyes over this."

He laid a list of jewels and other valuables missing from Erlingthorpe, Lord Yerbury's place, where, the inspector said, a well-planned robbery had been carried out the Thursday evening.

"You seemed to have nailed a lot," he went on; "but we may as well go through the articles serially."

We did so, and found there was nothing missing except the money I had taken to pay the men.

"Now, look here, young man," he went on, eyeing me keenly; "I'm not in charge of this case—yet—but, if you'll do as I tell you, I hope I may be in the course of a few days. There's a tidy reward offered for the recovery of the property, as you see. That I take it, you've earned already; but are you game to help me catch the fellow?"

"There's a further reward for nabbing him, which, of course, I can't touch—officially—and don't particularly want. My aim is promotion. Do you understand?"

"I think so," said I. "And I am willing to help you all I can. What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing," he replied; "just literally nothing. Go home. Keep a still tongue in your head, and don't catch the eye of the agony columns of the London papers, and wait till you hear from me. I'll take charge of these articles and give you a receipt for them, but don't be surprised if you see them still advertised as missing."

A few days later the inspector set his trap. It took the shape of an advertisement begging the gentleman who had help me catch the fellow, to change bags to communicate with G. C. at the address he would find in G. C.'s pocketbook.

Personally, I didn't think our fish would be foolish enough to rise to this bait, but my friend the inspector was more hopeful.

"Luckily for us, Mr. Corner," said he, "when I took advantage of my next visit to the quarry to call upon him, there's always a sort of war or twist in the mind of the habitual criminal which prevents him from believing in the honesty of other folks. Now, not a soul but you and I and the chief constable knows those jewels are as good as back on Lady Yerbury's dressing-table, or wherever she's in the habit of leaving 'em lying about. Therefore we have only to catch the fellow, and to-day we've got him."

For a month Lady Yerbury's diamonds were sought in vain and for a month "G. C." continued to appeal to his late fellow traveler, also in vain, but at the end of that time his patience was rewarded by the appearance of an advertisement, telling him if he really meant business, to write to "B. H." at a given address.

The letter I wrote at the dictation of Inspector Bland was more cautious than incriminating, but as it produced a reply which the inspector deemed satisfactory it was followed by others less carefully worded, until at last it stood pledged to personally deliver, for the consideration of two thousand pounds, the stolen jewels to one Benjamin Hurst, whom I was to meet at a public house in Chillingham.

Now, I don't pretend to be braver than the average man of peaceful and sedentary habits, and when I saw what sort of a house the "Spotted Dog" was I began to wish I had refused to have anything to do with Inspector Bland's scheme.

The little company of respectable-looking loafers hanging about the bar eyed me curiously as I entered, and when I asked the landlord if Mr. Hurst was in, one of them raised a general laugh by offering to carry my luggage up to him.

"No larks, Bill," said the landlord, sternly. "Mary, show the gentleman to Mr. Hurst's room."

I found Mr. Hurst a decidedly surly rascal. He began by grumbling at the

hardness of the bargain I was driving with him, and swearing at his luck generally. Then, being perhaps emboldened by the conciliatory manner I thought it prudent to adopt, he tried to make better terms, offering me first five hundred pounds less, and finally insisting that he ought at least to be allowed to deduct from my two thousand pounds the sum I had used to pay the men.

Mr. Bland had allowed me a quarter of an hour for negotiations. At the end of that time he proposed to make a raid upon the house.

"And mind," he had said in his jocular way, "we don't find the property still in your hands, Mr. Corner. It would be a pretty kettle of fish if we had to prosecute you for unlawful possession, wouldn't it?"

In accordance with these instructions I haggled with Mr. Hurst a little while and then allowed him to have his way, whereupon he, having satisfied himself that the bag which I restored to him still contained his spoils, handed me nineteen hundred pounds sterling in what afterwards turned out to be very creditable imitations of Bank of England notes.

"I suppose you don't want no receipt?" he growled.

"No, thank you," said I. "I think we may mutually dispense with that formality. Good morning!"

I turned to leave the room as I spoke, but before I could unlock the door it was burst open from the outside, not, unfortunately for me, by the police, but by the man whom the landlord had called Bill, a powerful ruffian, who promptly knocked me down and knelt upon my chest.

"Quick, Ben, get out of this," he cried. "It's a plant. No, no. The window, you fool!" he yelled, as Mr. Hurst lay in hand, made for the door.

"The police are in the bar already," said Mr. Hurst, opening the window he cursed me with much volubility and bitterness, and as soon as he was outside on the leads he did worse.

"Stand clear, Bill," he cried, and his friend obeyed him. I scrambled to my feet, but immediately dropped again with a bullet from Mr. Hurst's revolver in my shoulder.

I am not at all sorry that Mr. Hurst fired at me, as Inspector Bland says it was much easier to convict him of attempted murder than to prove he actually stole those jewels, and the inspector doubts, too, whether he would have gotten five years if merely charged with receiving them. But I do wish he hadn't hit me.

However, even the pain my wound still gives me is not without its compensation. It prevents me from feeling any twinges of conscience when I reflect that my furniture cost Mr. Hurst his liberty, for Lord Yerbury took it for granted that he was the thief, and paid me the extra reward he had offered for his apprehension.

Inspector Bland won the promotion he coveted, and is now stationed at Lington. His wedding present was characteristic. It was a black bag, with my initials on either side in white letters about six inches long.—All the Year Around.

A CLOSE BUYER.

How Mr. Puterby Got Change for Half a Cent's Worth of Pumpkin.

"Mr. Puterby, my old-time neighbor of forty years ago, was what we call in the country close-fisted," said the man from the rural districts. "He could drive the closest bargain of any one I ever met, and could keep house with the least buying. One of our coins on those days was the old silver twelve-and-a-half-cent piece, variously called 'nineteen,' 'York shilling' and 'bit,' according to the part of the country you were in, and it was the easiest of this coin that enabled him to make a crowning triumph in the way of a close trade."

"A farm boy came along one day with a load of pumpkins which he was peddling about the village at a cent apiece. Mr. Puterby, after examining them, thought he would invest, but half a pumpkin was all that he cared to buy."

"But a whole pumpkin is only a cent," said the boy. "How are you going to pay me for half a one?"

"The easiest thing in the world," said Mr. Puterby, and so a pumpkin was cut and he took one of the halves under his arm, and handed the boy a shilling. "Now give me the twelve cents change," and taking the twelve coppers from the astonished boy he walked away with his purchase."

"I am convinced that it is for a long time in every man's power to determine whether he will be old or not. The outward marks of age are all of us very willing to defer, forgetting that we may wear the inward bloom of youth with true dignity and grace, and be ready to learn, and eager to give pleasure to others, to the latest moment of our existence.—Sydney Smith.

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ELECTRIC
ENERGY
VERLASTINGLY
RADICATES
Inflammation
without
Irritation

While
The Sun
Shines

JOS. BRECK & SONS, BOSTON, Gen. Agts. for Eastern Massachusetts,

New Hampshire and Northern Vermont.

B. L. BRACC CO., SPRINGFIELD, Gen. Agts. for Western Massachusetts

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To Head Your Herd.

An exceedingly richly bred A. J. C. bull, dropped Sept. 25, '94.

Solid color, black points, and a beauty. Sire, Florida's Fancy, 34-117 (a bull of unequalled individual merit and rich butter quality).

By Fanny's Harry 7th (who has several daughters in 14 list), and Fanny's Harry 9777 (3rd of 21 daughters in 14 list, and now stands at head of famous Ford farm herd).

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Every Mother should have it in the house. It acts promptly; it is always ready for use; it is the best; it is the oldest; it is unlike any other; it is superior to all others; it is used and recommended by physicians everywhere; it has stood upon its own merits for more than a century, and its excellence while generation after generation have used it with certainty and success, has done down the knowledge of its worth to their children as a valuable inheritance. Could a remedy have existed for eighty years except that it possesses great merit for family use?

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

It was originated in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, a Family Physician to cure all ailments that are attended with inflammation, such as, rheumatism, sprains, bruises, contusions, colds, coughs, croup, catarrhs, chaps, chills, colic, cholera, morbus, all forms of sore throat, earache, headache, the grippe, lame back, mumps, muscular soreness, neuralgia, pains anywhere, and all other ailments, such as, toothache, tonsillitis, whooping cough.

The man who plants for profit must money while the sun shines. Waste time means money lost. He must have tools that will do the work quick and do it right. The PLANTER'S JET Labor-Saving Farm Tools are modern contriv

